

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 17th, 1911.

VOL. LXIX. No. 1785.

Copyright, 1911, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE EASIEST WAY OUT OF IT.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Tres.,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1785. WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

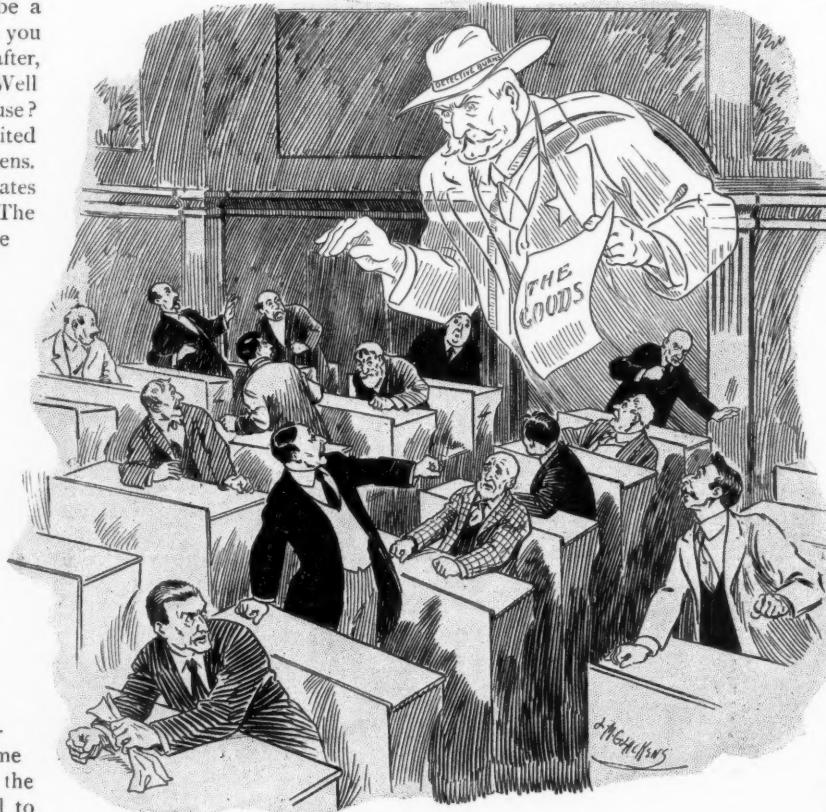
Cartoons and Comments

HONESTY IS THE RAREST POLICY. AN HONEST man's the noblest work of God, and an honest legislator seems to be the rarest. The Pittsburgh graft cases, the LORIMER scandal in Springfield, and latest, but by no probability the last, the recent exposure at Ohio's State capital, all prompt the query: Is anybody honest? Is there anybody who still believes that honesty is the best policy? Every crooked legislator was once "a cute little innocent." He was brought up in the home, the public school, and the Sunday-school, taught to "do right," to shun evil companions, and "to be a good man." Now he is as you see him—a bribe-taker, a grafter, oftentimes a blackmailer. Well may folks ask: What's the use? Legislatures are not recruited from any one class of citizens. Any citizen of the United States is eligible for membership. The "good" have an equal chance with the "bad" in getting into them, yet wherever one looks the dishonest legislator seems to predominate. A warning, an exposure, in one State seems to have no restraining or reforming effect upon the legislature of another. What is the reason? Is nobody honest? Are our legislators corrupt because they are drawn from the people, and because water won't rise above its level? To assume that the great mass of United States citizens are by inclination dishonest is to take a grave responsibility. We won't assume anything of the sort. But, in the same sense that there is said to be safety in numbers, there is also honesty in masses. Pressure may be brought to bear on the individual which on the masses

would be without power to influence. In other words, it is easier to make and keep one man crooked than it is one hundred men. Disclosures such as those made most recently in Ohio but emphasize not merely the desirability, but the plain unvarnished necessity, of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. Because the masses of the people are honest, and because they cannot be swayed by the temptations, open and disguised, which beset the individual legislator, the people themselves, for the public good, should be empowered to review and reject, if

they wish to, the acts of their elected representatives. If this is n't democracy, as some opponents of the plan proclaim, then what in heaven's name is the thing we have now? PUCK is aware that those who look with disfavor upon the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, describe the present political system as representative government, but every graft exposure, every story of legislative bribery and blackmail, whether the fault rests heaviest upon the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker, only serve to show with the greater certainty just who is "represented" in the kind of representative government our representatives give us.

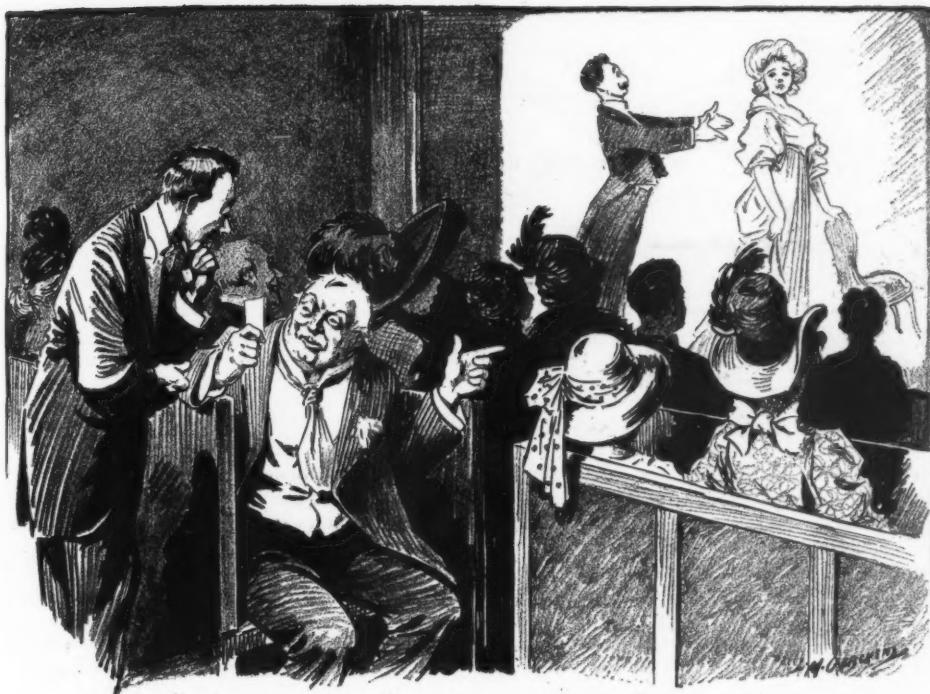
Inasmuch as it is our boast that this is a government "by the people," measures which shall turn that fancy into a fact should not be regarded with apprehension. The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall will not turn brazen crooks or oily-tongued PECKSNIFFS into incorruptible public servants, but they will nullify their power to sell out the public to the highest bidder, and that, in these days, is something. The powerful persons with axes to grind who put up corruption funds would not be so eager to do so if they knew that the public by a referendum vote had the power of repudiating the deeds of their representatives. The referendum, in fact, would act as an automatic check on crookedness and jobbery of all sorts, for the most expert lobbyist would shy at the task of "fixing" the public. That, we should n't wonder, is why some very prominent and influential men are so terribly worried over the fate which threatens "representative government."



WHERE WILL HE STRIKE NEXT?

AFTER THE OHIO EXPOSURE, NO STATE LEGISLATURE IS IN PRECISELY A TRANQUIL FRAME OF MIND.

PUCK



AT THE MOVING-PICTURE SHOW.

MELLOW INDIVIDUAL.—Shay, Usher; here a minute. Take this note an' give it to tha' blonde lady on the stage, pleashe!

A ROMANCE OF THE ROADSIDE.

SHE came out through the broad doorway, and stole softly down the great stone steps. For a second she paused, uncertain, her hand resting on the head of a ferocious stone lion. Then she moved on, her head bent down, thoughtful and sorrowful.

Again she paused where the fountain leaped into the air and fell melodiously. The goldfish curved their glinting bodies in the limpid water. Presently she glided away down the path bordered on either side by rose-bushes and historic elms.

Silently she trod the leafy carpet at the gate, and gaining the iron bars she stood with white hands clinging to them. Her ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs. Turning her head quickly, she peered up the road. She saw only the tall elms, grenadiers of the wood, guarding in thick ranks either side of the road.

Once more she clung drooping to the bars. Once more there came the sound of horses' hoofs. As she peered again a figure came into view, a man on horseback. He had evidently ridden far, and still urged his steed eagerly forward.

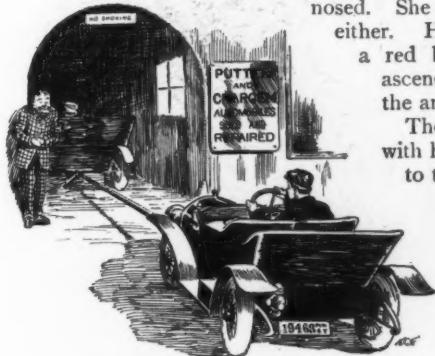
The girl stood at the gate, waiting. The rider came on.

A jaguar called to its mate. A green worm bent itself in the middle and proceeded to pray. A rabbit ran a little way and sat down. A leaf was wiggled by a bug or something underneath it. An ant tugged at a dead gnat.

The rider came near and passed by. He scarcely more than glanced at the lady by the gate. And no wonder. She was tow-headed and freckled and turned-up-nosed. She did n't look at him long either. He was cross-eyed, had a red beard, and a nose that ascended and descended like the angels on Jacob's ladder.

The girl covered her head with her apron and hiked back to the broom which she had left leaning against the gold-fringed door.

H. P. Galt.



COMING IN WITH THE TIED.

A THING is not necessarily true because a whole lot of people have died for it.

There are exceptions, however. What, for instance, if the bulwarks of our liberties bulwarked only eight hours a day?

CHANGE.

CHANGE cars, change your seat,
Change your diet when you eat;
Change your doctor,
Change your vote,
And Fashion says to change your coat;
Change, change, change, change,
Change a bill and get some change,
For "change" itself is quite a change;
No matter what you're doing—change.
Then change your habits,
Change your life;
But when you wish to change your wife,
Because you've made a better find,
Just change your mind!

Ino. L. Hobble.

FABLE OF THE FOX.

WHEN the Fox had leaped at the grapes a good many times, without being able to reach them, he suddenly bethought himself.

"Why, foxes are Carnivori, and don't eat grapes!" he exclaimed. With which he slunk away, looking very foolish.

Moral: A tolerably thorough grounding in Natural History is often worth having.

AS TO TRIANGLES.

THERE is a law of trigonometry whereby, if you have given the two sides of a triangle, together with the angle between them, you may compute the other side. The matrimonial triangle is not necessarily an exception.

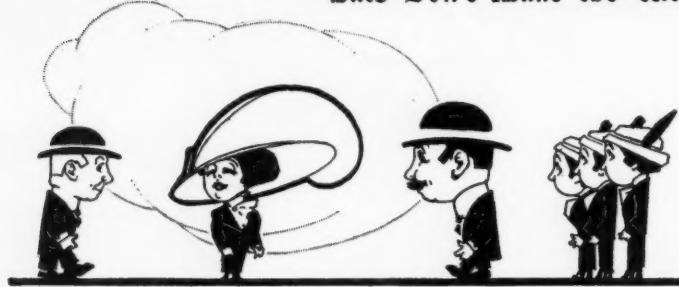
Where you know the husband and wife, and the angle of divergence by which they are separated, you may form some notion, at least, of the man who will come between them.

CONFIDENCE may be defined as the feeling we experience just before we proceed to make a mistake.

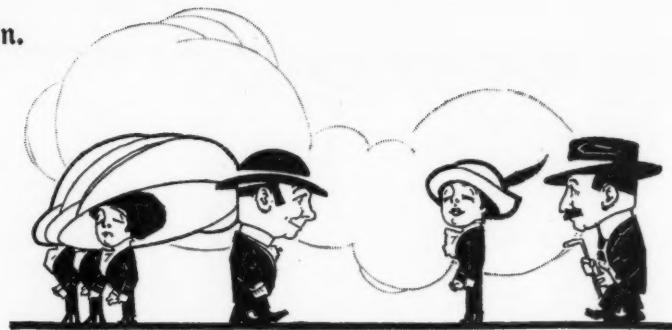


"THE HORRID MEAN THINGS!"

Hats Don't Make the Woman.



I.
GLADYS MAUD ON MONDAY; ALSO, MARY, MARTHA, AND SARAH.



II.
MARY, MARTHA, AND SARAH ON TUESDAY; ALSO, GLADYS MAUD.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is a man who is interested in seeing how far he can make his income go without getting anything in return. He lives on the outskirts of civilization and on what he can escape spending on his land, and divides his time between negotiating a new mortgage and pursuing the pigs. When he gets the pigs back he spends what remains of the mortgage money in improved pens, and gets up in the morning to find that the hired man has forgot to shut the gate. His pigs are holding most of the garden of the man on the next farm, and the man is holding the pigs. His pork stands him in twice the market rate. The Country Gentleman pays for the garden and the pigs' pleasure, and forgets to include the cost of the improved pens in his figures when he reads his essay on "The Production Cost of Pork under Scientific Methods" before Pomona Grange.

The first country gentleman was Adam. But Methuselah once said of him that he was only a beginner. Besides, he was forced into it. If Adam had been a true country gentleman there would have been no apples in his orchard, and we should have escaped Harem skirts, Suffragettes, T. R., *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the movement back to the farm.

Country gentlemen readily avoid popularity, as they are too eccentric. They do not make apple-butter of the rotten apples, grind the culls for cider, or preserve all the good fruit as a top-dressing in the barrels for market. They usually live surrounded by mere common persons, and so manage not to have the bother of neighbors and friends. Their chief industry is the exchange of talk about scientific farming with the country folk for eggs, poultry, vegetables, and farm-producing at city prices. They have now been placed under a board of guardians called the Country-Life Commission, which undertakes to relieve their deplorable condition by touring the United States and publishing rose-colored fiction and miscellaneous flapdoodle in statistical form. This literature is eagerly read by the country gentlemen, but its contents remain concealed from the general public.

Country gentlemen now live in Kansas, Westchester County, romance, and straightened circumstances, and their families live in the hope of foreclosure. A successful farmer can be told by his bank-account, and a successful country gentleman by his library of books about farming. A successful farmer moves into town and lives happy ever after, but the country gentleman is incurable.

Robert W. Neal.



TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICER, OF COURSE.

THE GIRL (on the last night out from New York).—Er—have you anything to declare?



A GOOD REASON.

Y Mabel cannot sing a note,
She writes no verses free,
She cannot paint a little boat
Upon a waveless sea.

But friend, I bid you, do not pause
And say with knowing look:
"He loves his Mabel just because
She certainly can cook!"

It is not that she cooks, O no!
That wins her place so high—
I can and do love Mabel so
Because she does n't try!

Chas. C. Jones.

A MODERN FABLE.

(WHICH IS NOT AT ALL FABULOUS.)

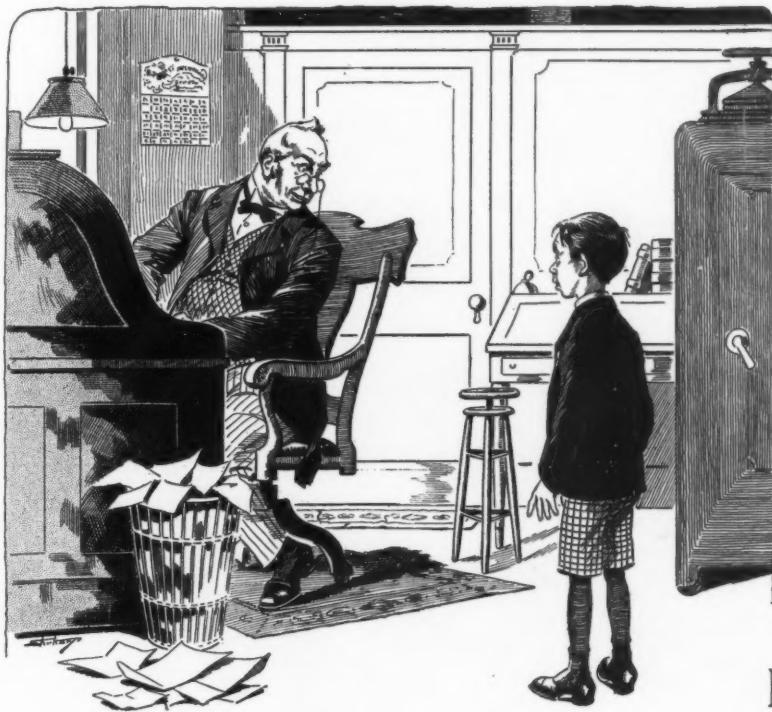
THE Man-of-Interests sat on the fence just opposite that spot in the road where the Republican and the Democrat met.

It may be that the Man-of-Interests had chosen that particular spot at that particular time for a particular purpose—but this is no place for speculation; let it suffice that he was there. The Republican and the Democrat, as is the way with Republicans and Democrats, renewed the old quarrel over methods, and passed highly-seasoned compliments back and forth respecting administrations and principles.

The Man-of-Interests took a great deal of interest in the quarrel, and being an accommodating fellow, also a man of red blood who enjoyed a pretty fight, he climbed down from the fence and, reverting to schoolboy tactics, incited the disputants to battle and offered to hold their coats.

Hours later the dust still hung in a dense cloud above the combatants, as with unquestionable patriotic ardor each upheld his own principles and strove fiercely to overthrow his opponent.

But, far away in a quiet, luxuriously appointed room, the Man-of-Interests smiled wisely and wagged his head sagely as he deliberately went through the pockets of two coats.



WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

EMPLOYER.—I hope you save something out of your salary, James?

OFFICE-BOY.—Yes, sir; 'most all of it, sir.

EMPLOYER (*eagerly*).—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?



ONLY IN SPOTS.

"AND THEY TELL US THIS IS A HARD WORLD."

THE ANNUAL FOURTH.

APRIL.—"Albert, my son, you shall positively have no firecrackers, pin-wheels, torpedoes, or cannon-crackers on the Fourth. You might be hurt dreadfully. Mamma loves you too much to let you get hurt that way. Each year hundreds of boys are killed, or made blind for life, by just such things. Nothing doing that way this year, Albert dear."

MAY.—"No, Albert, I told you last year it was the last time you could celebrate with such dangerous things. I am planning a pleasant little taffy party for you, dear."

JUNE.—"But, Albert, you might be crippled for life. You can have just as much fun other ways."

JULY.—Now be careful, Albert, with your cannon-crackers. Mamma does n't want to see her little boy all tied and bandaged up this evening. If you are hurt today, or burn yourself, you shall not have them next year at all."



THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

BARGAIN.

THE PREACHER.—Where are you going, Uncle Eben? You're all fussed up!

UNCLE EBEN.—Going down to New York. Coming back with something that will surprise you, too.

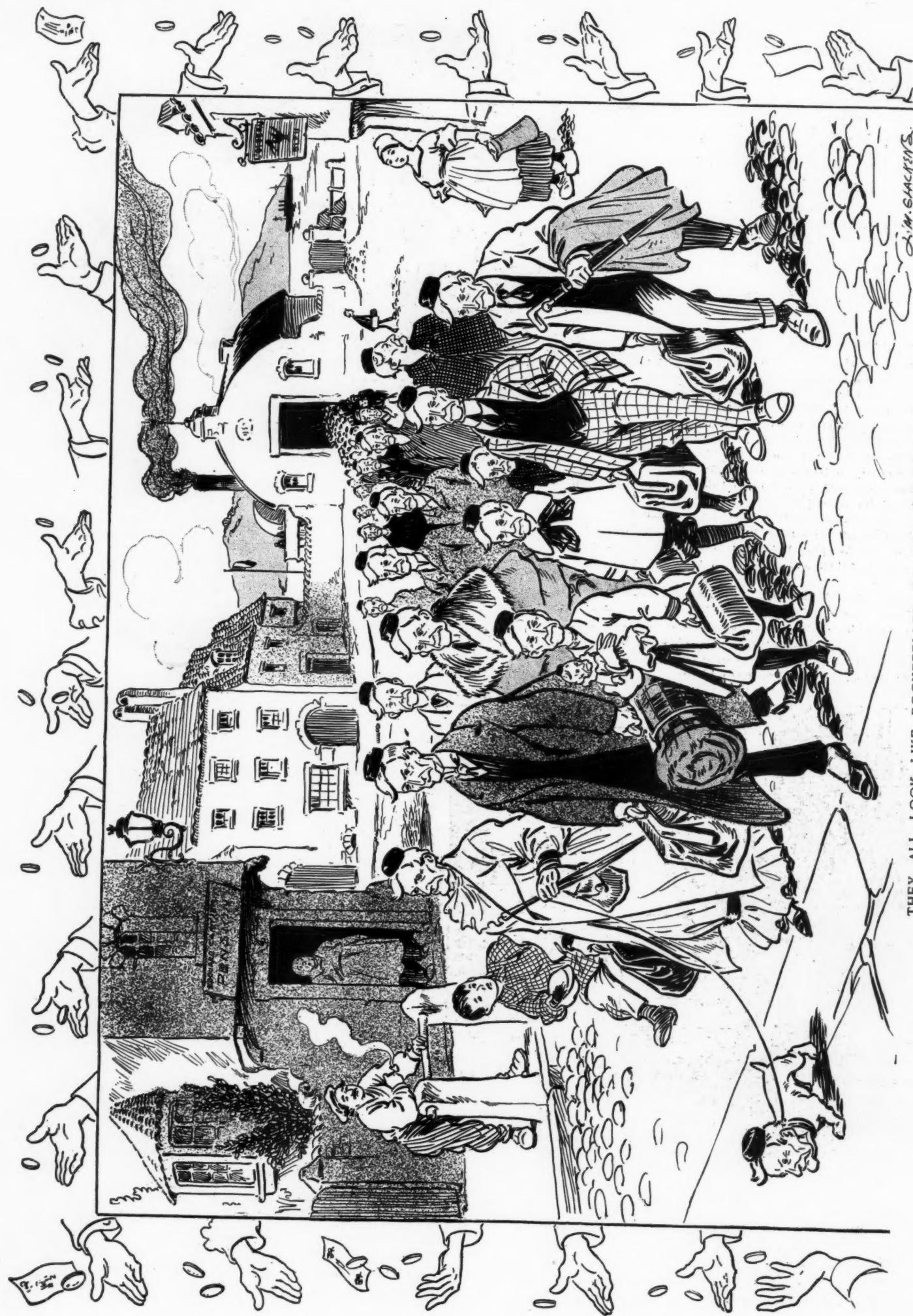
THE PREACHER.—What's that?

UNCLE EBEN.—Got a letter from a feller down there offering me a chance to buy an autograph copy of the Bible for \$25.

HATS are not poems, however, in the ultimate sense that those who compose them have ordinarily to bring them out at their own expense.

THE bright lexicon of youth, in common with other lexicons, has had to be brought up to date, and now contains all the words needed in business.

If a man were to please everybody, he would have no fool enemies to offset the pernicious activities of his fool friends.



THEY ALL LOOK LIKE ROCKEFELLER TO THE EUROPEAN.
AND UNLESS AMERICAN TOURISTS ARE PREPARED TO ACT THE PART, THEY HAD BETTER STAY AT HOME.

PUCK



THAT DECIDED HIM.

THIEF (*who has snatched a lady's bag*).—Two transfers, a powder-puff, a recipe for head-wash, and a sample o' silk! An' I ran two miles wid it! I'm agin votes fer women!

BOOKS.

MO weighty moral tomes for him—That is to say, no preachments; He finds his books in women's looks—That is to say, in peachments.

TERRIFYING.

THE little boy regarded the pictures of the harem skirt with starting eyeballs.

"Does it mean that I am to have twice as many trousers cut down for me?" he shrieked. Then he fell on his knees and prayed, as never before, that several sisters might be vouchsafed him in the future.

A GOOD taste in errors is a very fair working substitute for perfection.



A MEASURE OF ECONOMY.

LEVI.—Dot makes four times you haft been run down by autos, ain't it, Isaacs?
ISAACS.—Yes. I got to buy vun; walking vas too expensive!

If flying-machines continue to multiply there won't be much room left at the top.



WEEK BEGINNING MAY FIFTEENTH.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Dritrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.
Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings 8:15. A musical panorama in nine pictures.
Casino, Bway and 39th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.
Cohan's, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.
Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "The Dictator." Evenings 8:30. A revival of William Collier's comedy.
Criterion, Bway and 44th. Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby." Evenings 8:15.
Folies Bergère, 46th St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville, Ballet, Cabaret Show. "More Parisian than Paris." Evenings 8:15.
Gaity, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections, by Rupert Hughes.
Globe, Bway and 46th. "Little Miss Fix-It," with Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. Evenings 8:15. A comedy with songs.
Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock Co. in "Zaza." Evenings 8:15.
Herald Square, Bway and 25th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.
Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "Marching Through Georgia," Ballet of Niagara, The International Cup. Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.
Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.
Irvine Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.
Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Evenings 8:15. An American comedy by Harry James Smith.
Lyric, 42d W. of Bway. Melodrama, "The Lights o' London," by Geo. R. Sims, with Holbrook Blinn, Doris Keane and others. All-Star revival. Evenings 8:15.
Majestic, Bway and 50th. "The Smart Set," in "His Honor the Barber," with S. H. Dudley and Ada Overton Walker. Evenings 8:15.
Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.
Nazimova's, 50th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."
New Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15. Daily matinees.
The Playhouse, 48th and Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:15. "The long lingering laugh comedy."
Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "A Certain Party," with Mabel Hite. Evenings 8:15. A rollicking musical farce.
Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. "The Musical Revue of 1911." Evenings at 8.



XXIII.

MABEL HITE

AND

MIKE DONLIN

IN

"A CERTAIN PARTY."

Among the White Lights.

INCENTIVE TO LABOR.

MR. DOTY (*reprovingly*).—Mrs. Enpeck told me to-day that her husband always keeps her photograph on his office desk.

MRS. DOTY.—I guess that explains why he's always late getting home to dinner.

USUALLY.

WILLIS.—What's that little thing you've got there?

GILLIS.—That's one of the new patent collapsible trunks. I carry everything in it.

GILLIS.—And what's that packing-box for?

WILLIS.—That is n't a packing-box. That's the card-index system for the trunk.

STAGE AND PRESS.

HEAR the joke!
Is the joke indecent?
It is indecent, and then some.
But the audience is swept by gales of glad merriment?

Precisely—it is in a family theatre, you know.
If a newspaper were to print the joke, would these people do a thing but indignantly exclude it from their homes?

Not another thing. No newspaper which printed such a joke could ever aspire to be a family newspaper.



UNDER A LOW TARIFF.

THE AMERICAN FA



UNDER A HIGH TARIFF.

MERICA FAMILY.

PUCK

VAN BRINKER'S STRATEGY.

"I THINK most of the men in our set are mollycoddles," pouted Natalie.

As her set consisted mainly of impecunious but hopeful young men who were making a set at her, the observation was no doubt correct, but the house-party lounging about the porch at Bullion Hill dissented vociferously as a whole, yet not sufficiently to hurt any individual's chances of winning.

"Yes, they are," she asserted confidently. "They never do daring, romantic things. They want to go along nice and comfortable and easy, and take no risks at all. I'll never marry a man who stays close to the earth always."

"What is there to do?" inquired Tom Harding, who was so accustomed to taking orders as a clerk in a bank that he never originated anything.

"Get off the earth,—go up in a balloon," suggested Randall Wharton.

"Say," interrupted Van Brinker, "there's a balloon ascension scheduled for to-morrow afternoon at the County Fair down at Brierfield. I'll bet a hundred there isn't a chap here with nerve enough to make the ascent."

Natalie clapped her jeweled hands gleefully.

"That's the very thing,—O, I could just love a man daring enough for that!"

"I'll take that bet," announced Wharton.

"So will I!" echoed Harding.

"O, is n't that just too fine!"

yodled Natalie, clapping her hands and her eyes flashing.

"We will let Miss Bullion hold the stakes," said Van Brinker, "since she already holds the stake which is our main incentive,—her esteem."

He handed her his money, and Wharton and Harding put up theirs. The whole party arranged to go in autos to the fair next afternoon, and the three men eyed each other suspiciously the remainder of the day.

II.

"Wot 't 'ell d' yer want?" peevishly inquired Prof. Vincento Leonardi, the aeronaut, at two-forty-five the next morning, as he rubbed his sleepy eyes.

"I must see you," answered a voice.

The Professor ungraciously opened the door of his room at the village hotel.

"Wot's bitin' y', young feller?" inquired the airman suspiciously.

"Professor, what will you charge to let me make the ascent with you—"

"Say, is all this bunch of dudes around here gone plum nutty?" queried the balloonist.

"Not that I know of. Why do you ask?"

"You're the third guy what's butted in here tonight, each one by himself, an' each one wantin' to go up wit' me. Say, fren', put me next,—wot's the game?"

"Did you agree with the other chaps?"

"Sure; fer twenty-five plunks each in advance. Bot' coughed up the ma-zuma."

"How many will your balloon carry?"

"Four at a pinch, if I ride on the trapeze an' leave off ballast. The



basket won't hold but three." The professor hunched his thin shoulders and peered at the interlocutor in none-too-friendly fashion.

"What's your contract with them?" inquired Van Brinker.

"Just to carry 'em up, that's all."

The countenance of Van Brinker broke into a genial smile, and he hitched his chair closer.

"Professor, I think we can do a little business together," he remarked confidentially, reaching for his wallet and exposing carelessly some yellow-backed bills.

III.

"Well, do I win my bet to-day?" inquired Van Brinker at breakfast.

"No, you don't!" triumphantly retorted Harding. "I'm going up in the balloon."

"O, how perfectly lovely!" rapturously exclaimed the young hostess, her mouth full of toast. "I knew you always had your nerve with you."

Harding appeared dubious and puzzled at this.

"You're bluffing, Tom old chap," said Wharton. "I'm going up myself. I've paid the man to carry me, and here's my ticket." He handed the paper to Natalie.

"For 25 dollars value reseaved i contrac to carry barer up with me and let him down ezey as posibel. Leonardi," she read.

"Mine is identical!" exclaimed Harding.

"Here's mine,—I'm going too," added Van Brinker.

"Is n't this just grand?" inquired Natalie soulfully. "And I said romance and daring were dead. I retract!"

The three heroes received all of Natalie's attentions during the morning. Harding was visibly nervous, and Wharton smoked innumerable cigarettes. Only Van Brinker was calm.

"By the way, Miss Bullion," he remarked during a chance tête-à-tête, "I have a message for you. Mother and sister have fallen quite in love with your picture, and are so appreciative of your kindness to me. Mother told me to tell you she really must be given the honor of chaperoning you this winter, as you have no mother, and sister is going to give you a reception when the season opens because you are such a pal of mine."

Natalie gasped with pleased surprise.

The Van Brinkers and De Peysters, elect of the elect, spokes of the inner wheel, to take her up! She was as good as in. Her consuming ambition, which mere money could not directly buy, was about to be realized!

Thereafter she followed Van with anxious eyes lest he hurt himself in some way and not live until the season opened.

IV.

When Natalie and her guests arrived, the balloon ascension was about due. The huge gas-bag swayed and strained at its lashings. A circle of men and boys held the guy-ropes.

The Bullion party advanced into the cleared space about the balloon, and Professor Vincento Leonardi, resplendent in



NOT SO EASY.

AGENT.—Could I sell you a copy of this book: "One Hundred Ways of Winning a Woman"?

MOSE JACKSON.—Ah knows two hundred ways mahself—wot troubles me is gettin' rid ob 'em!

Sined John Boggs stage name



AIR POLO: THE NEXT THING IN GAMES.

Confidence is half the battle, but the other half is ample enough to be whipped in.

PUCK



AFTER SCHOOL.

THE SHORT-STOP.—Going to try out that new boy for the team?

CAPTAIN.—No. The minute I heard him spell plenipotentiary, erysipelas, and trigonometrical, I knew he would n't be no use on a ball nine.

crimson tights and black trunks, advanced to meet them. "All right, gents. You three that are goin' up wit' me step forward, please. We can't hold her much longer." The three became the cynosure of all eyes. Two of the young men had blanched faces,—the other was debonair and smiling.

"We are ready," announced Van Brinker.

"Grab hold of that bar there, and when we are a couple of hundred feet high, pull yourselves up and sit on it," commanded the Professor, indicating a section of two-inch gaspipe about eight feet long, attached at each end by a rope to the balloon. "Hurry, now, there's room for all three of yez to sit on it."

"But here,—I say now,—where's the basket,—the car, or whatever it is?" gasped Harding.

"Why, we can't ride on that pipe! Where's the basket?" bawled Wharton angrily.

"Aw now, you run along," remarked the Professor in a hostile tone. "I contracted to carry yez, an' I'm ready to do so, same as I go,—on a trapeze. Mine hangs above this one. You never said nothin' about no basket."

"But we thought ——" began Harding.

"I ain't responsible for the thinks of youse. Why didn't you say somethin'?"

"We thought, of course, there was a basket,—that all balloons have them."

"Well, they don't. I'm an acrobatic aironootist,—a trapeze performer, an' my balloon ain't got no basket. You fellers goin' or not?"

"Not for ten million dollars," answered Wharton, walking away.

"Not for a hundred million!" shuddered Harding, as he thought of that small, round length of iron between himself and two miles of space below.

"I'm ready," announced Van Brinker, handing his coat to the astounded Natalie. "If anything—if anything happens to me I want you yourself to break the news to mother and sister, won't you, dear girl? And you know I love you, and am doing this to prove it,—you know that, don't you, dearest?" he whispered solemnly to the girl. Stepping to the iron bar, he grasped it with both hands and stood erect, holding it.

"Cut loose, Professor!" he called.

The aéronaut hustled in among the crowd holding the balloon.

"Ready, boys,—all get ready to turn 'er loose when I give the word!" yelled Leonardi, disentangling his own trapeze.

It took about three seconds for Natalie to grasp the situation. The brave young man stood an excellent chance of having the remnants of himself gathered up with a rake and expressed to his relatives in a cigar-box. And remnants are of no value in Society or in assisting one to arrive there.

"You shan't go!" she cried, grasping his arm in terror. He never turned his head.

"Ready, Professor!" he cried valiantly.

"Don't, Henry, for my sake, don't,—if you love me at all, I beg of you,—O dear. I can't spare you!" she pleaded breathlessly.

"Let 'er go!" bawled the Professor, head averted to hide a grin. The balloon shot upward. As the ropes tautened, Natalie threw her arms about Van Brinker. Both were lifted from their feet, possibly ten inches, when one of the trapeze ropes parted and the iron bar slid upward through his hands. Man and girl sat plump upon the ground and the great gas-bag shot heavenward.

"I win," announced Van Brinker. "The others just quit. I really tried to go."

"I'm O, so proud of you, Van dearest," purred Natalie, snuggling closer to him on the homeward drive.

"I'll just put another three hundred to my winnings and buy the ring to-morrow. That will make it a sort of souvenir, you know," he responded.

"We'll be married just as soon as the season opens," announced Natalie happily, "and if we don't show that old town a wedding that will make them sit up and take notice it will be because money and style and the real folks won't make it the show of the season."

* * * * *

Professor Leonardi contemplated a cloud below him and cast up accounts.

"Fifty from them two mutts what was quitters, and a hundred plunks from the sport. I lose ten for the advertisin' matter I didn't carry in the basket what I had to burn up, but I got the price of a new basket and ten to boot.

"Gee! but that guy's a hot bluffer. An' I come blamed near not slicing that rope thin enough. If the gal hadn't grabbed him he would have got a pretty good bump."

Garrard Harris.

THREE OPPORTUNITIES.

EVERY man is sure of having at least three compliments in his lifetime.

1. Born: "Happy, bouncing, fine ten-pound boy," etc.

2. Married: "He is a popular man, a leader in the younger set, and holds a responsible position with——," etc.

3. Died: "He was a model man, an example of clean, upright living, and his loss will be keenly felt by——," etc.



HIS GILT-EDGED CHANCE.

MRS. MURPHY.—Oi hear yer brother-in-law, Pat Keegan, is pretty bad off.

MRS. CASEY.—Shure, he's good for a year yit.

MRS. MURPHY.—As long as that?

MRS. CASEY.—Vis; he's had four different doctors, and each one av them give him three months to live.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
Health, Good Digestion and Pleasure to come.

White Rock

The World's Best Table Water

Put up Only in NEW Sterilized Bottles



THE NEW MAGNETIC LIFE-SAVING DEVICE AT WORK ON THE HIGH SEAS.

—The Sketch.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters
are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts.
in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TWO MEN were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One was a long-distance whistler, and the other was evidently annoyed.

"You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance.

"No, I don't," was the frank reply.

"Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?"

"No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.—*Exchange*.



for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 31 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.

Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.

Columbus, Ohio.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.
4216 Fifth Ave.

Providence, R. I.
Columbia, S. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

NOT IN UTAH.

A man traveling westward on a through express train one day last week, left his seat in the crowded dining-car, just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on a chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"FLATTERY is dangerous to sensitive ladies," says ex-Senator Depew. "I am always very careful in the matter, because one evening I told a lady that she was as sweet as honey, and the next day she had hives."—*Sunday Magazine*.



Holland House

NEW YORK CITY

Offers All
That is Best in Hotel Life

Recognized for years as the headquarters of New York's representative visitors from every state in the union.

Arranged, appointed and conducted under an established system of Hotel Management that has long catered to public demand.

HOTEL PERFECTION AT CONSISTENT RATES

BOOKLET

5th Ave. and 30th St.

MEANT WELL.

The old friends had been three days together.

"You have a pretty place here, John," remarked the guest on the morning of his departure. "But it looks a little bare yet."

"O, that's because the trees are so young," answered the host comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."—*Metro-
politan Magazine*.

"WHAT'S your husband so angry about?"

"He's been out of work six weeks."

"I should think that would suit him first-rate."

"That's it! He's just got a job."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

SARAH.—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you.

JERRY.—Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Automobile Eye Insurance needed after Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye Remedy freely applied affords reliable relief. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.

HELLO, BROTHER!

We want you to meet 100-
oo good fellows who gather
round our "Head Camp" fire
once a month and sit down
and talk about sport with Rod, Dog,
Rifle and Gun.

The NATIONAL SPORTS-
MAN contains 164 pages crammed
full of stories, pictures of
fish and game taken from life,
and a lot more good stuff that
will lure you pleasantly away
from your everyday work and
care. It's a healthful atmos-
phere of woods and fields,
where you can smell the ever-
greens, hear the babble of the
brook, and see at close range
big game and small. Every
number of this magazine con-
tains valuable information
about hunting, fishing, and
camping trips, where to go,
what to take, etc. All this for
25c. a copy, or with watch for
\$1.00 a year. We want you to
see for yourself what the Na-
tional Sportsman is, and
make you this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

On receipt of 25 cents in
stamp or coin we will send
you this month's National
Sportsman and one of
our Gold or Silver
Watch Fobs (regular
price 50c.) as here
shown, with russet
leather strap and
gold-plated buckle.

Can you beat us?

The month's Na-
tional Sportsman,
regular price 25c.

National Sports-
man Watch Fob,
regular price 50c.,
total value, 75c.

All Years 25c.

for

Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!

National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.



last week,
luncheon.

on a chair
he protested
him with

the direc-

only wife I

epew. "I
y that she
magazine.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"May Friendship propose the toast and Sincerity drink it!"

Trimble Whiskey Green Label

ESTABLISHED 1793

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears'. Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.

TOWSER'S LOSS.

"Hello, old chap!" greeted the crowd at the club. "Back from your hunting trip? Bag anything?"

"No," responded Chappy Badshot wearily."

"Well, no wonder. You are a back number. The idea of going hunting with a tailless pointer!"

"O, don't blame poor Beppo! He had a tail when he started."—Chicago News.

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

MILLIONAIRE (*to ragged beggar*).—You ask alms and do not even take off your hat. Is that the proper way to beg?

BEGGAR.—Pardon me, sir. A policeman is looking at us from across the street. If I take off my hat he'll arrest me for begging; as it is, he naturally takes us for old friends. —*Fliegende Blätter*.

MOTHER.—Harold, you mustn't interrupt the plumbers at their work, dear.

HAROLD.—It's all right, mother. I'm only talking to the man who sits on the stairs and does nothing. —*Punch*.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you want rest and comfort for tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, use Allen's Foot-Ease. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and prevents blisters, sore and callous spots. Always use it to Break in New shoes. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Try it to-day. Sold everywhere, 25cts. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



DOTING MOTHER.—And whom do you love best, Daddy or Mummy?
JOHNNY.—Daddy.

DOTING MOTHER.—O, but Johnny, Mummy has always been so kind to you.
JOHNNY.—That's all right; but we men must stick together!—*Punch*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

The hotel is in flames. Sadly the guests and servants gaze at the roaring pyre. Suddenly they see the proprietor dash madly in at the blazing doorway.

"He has gone to rescue someone!" they gasp.

Tensely they wait his reappearance. One minute. Two minutes. Three.

Has he perished in that crackling furnace?

No! No! See, there he comes, singed and scorched, but safe.

What is that he carries so carefully in his arms? It is the hotel teapot, half full of nice black tea.

Cheers rewarded the proprietor for his noble act of sentiment.

For twelve years the teapot has stood on the back of the kitchen range, boiling faithfully away. For twelve years it has poured out its life-blood in response to the calls of the transient world for drink, and the tea-leaves in its dark old depths will do for many years to come.—*Newark News*.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE HARVEST



BLATZ
Private Stock
MILWAUKEE
THE FINEST
BEER EVER BREWED

FOOD VALUE,
time-honored quality,
delicacy of flavor and
character predominate

INSIST ON
Always "Blatz"
Good Old

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

COULD NOT QUALIFY.

Among the stories that are constantly coming to town of "road" experiences is one that reached the Havlin offices the other day. A circus had gone to pot in a small Western town. One of the "razor-backs" started out to tramp to a better land.

"By-and-by he came to a small town," said John Havlin, "and found a couple of men shoveling coal into a wagon from a car on the railway siding.

"Gimme a job?" he asked.

"What you been doin'?" asked the man who was bossing the job.

"Drivin' stakes wit' a circus."

"Nothin' doin'," said the boss. "I never seen one of you actors yet that could shovel coal!"—*Exchange*.

OLD I. W. HARPER RYE

Its superb flavor and uniform quality have won recognition from connoisseurs all over the world. FOUR GOLD MEDALS testify to this. These medals were awarded in New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, France, 1900, and St. Louis, 1904. When ordering whiskey, take no chances, make it

HARPER

BERNHARD DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

You women bear pain more heroically than men."

"Who told you that—a doctor?"

"No, a shoemaker!"—*London Opinion*.

URCHIN.—Paw, what's an accommodation train?

SUBURBAN PARENT.—I don't know, Bobby. I never saw one.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

Last, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 306 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



SUNDAY MORNING:

THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT DID NOT COME WITH THE PAPER; SO, RATHER THAN HAVE THE CHILDREN DISAPPOINTED, THE FAMILY PROVIDED A SUBSTITUTE.



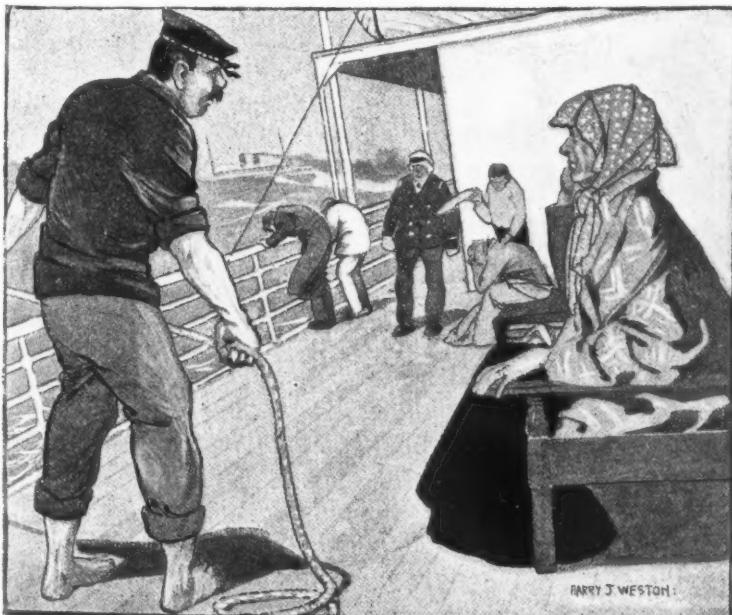
ABSOLUTELY ALONE AT THE TOP

of the world's bottled beers is the supreme position occupied by

Old Reliable Budweiser

Its high reputation is due to its exclusive Saazer Hop flavor, its low percentage of alcohol and thorough ageing in the largest storage cellars in the world. Only the very best materials find their way into our plant.

Bottled only with (corks or crown caps) at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.



THE COMFORTER.

ANXIOUS OLD LADY.—I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?
DECKHAND.—Well, she's a leaky old tub, mum, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. But then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, so she might go up!—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Caron's Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring Sliced Fruits, Ices & Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
“Its Purity Has Made It Famous.”
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Neighbors—the morning walk and talk and a pipeful of Velvet. Velvet is made of the choice leaves of Burley tobacco. It's a delightful smoke. Cured so perfectly and made so skillfully that it is different from any tobacco you've tried. It's all quality—as rich and tasty and cool as a tobacco can be. There is not a tongue burn to a thousand pipefuls. But, why bore you with descriptions? One pipeful of Velvet will tell its own story better than many words. Get a can today. Try it. Then you'll know.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can
10 cents
At your dealer's, or if he is sold out, send us the rec. We'll send you a can to any address in the U.S.A.



FIGG.—Don't you wish you could live your life over again?

FOGG.—Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing this month.—*Boston Transcript*.

“HE knows all the best people in town.”

“Why does n't he associate with them, then?”

“They know him.”—*Cleveland Leader*.

Most Fitting Finale to the Festive Feast



LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Serve the Daintiest Last

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bätiér & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Better Than Foreign **Since 1859** **Half the Cost of Imported**

COOK'S IMPERIAL Extra Dry

The American Champagne

has been served by discriminating hostesses in the best homes. Its purity, quality and flavor delight the critical taste and ever affords exquisite pleasure.

Unrivaled in popularity.

Served Everywhere

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF

Challenge Waterproof Collars save trouble and save laundry bills—can be cleaned with a damp cloth, yet they have all the style and correctness of the best linens. They are made in many shapes to meet every taste and we guarantee every collar to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

At your dealer's—Collars 25c, Cuffs 10c, or sent by mail by us on receipt of postage.

Our new "Slip-Easy" Finish makes the difference. Write for our latest stylebook.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "N"
Established 1883.
Beeton, 65 Bedford St.
Detroit, 117 Jefferson Ave.
Chicago, 125 No. Market St.
Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St.
St. Louis, 515 No. 7th St.
San Francisco, 718 Mission St.

COLLARS & CUFFS
PAT. DEC. 26, 1900
PAT. NOV. 24, 1900

KNICKER.—What is scientific management?

BOCKER.—The way a woman manages her husband.—*The Sun*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

If
Venus
Had
Arms



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg